The VALUE *of a* MAIMED LIFE

THOMAS WEDGWOOD

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EXTRACTS FROM THE MANUSCRIPT NOTES OF

THOMAS WEDGWOOD

SELECTED BY

MARGARET OLIVIA TREMAYNE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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"How animating is the thought that if by the labour of my life I should add one idea to the stock of those concerning education, my life has been well spent!"

THOMAS WEDGWOOD.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY

H. M. D.

TO

MARGARET OLIVIA TREMAYNE

WHO DIED BEFORE ITS PUBLICATION

THE VALUE OF A MAIMED LIFE

INTRODUCTION

THE world knows little of its greatest men. Which is perhaps another way of saying that the struggle for existence selects for preservation and predominance not those individuals which are most excellent according to any ideal type, nor even those which seem most fitted to govern and guide the world as it will be a hundred years after their time, but those individuals who are most exactly adapted to the circumstances of their own day, *i.e.* those who are just, and only just, ahead of their age, who are already most nearly that which present circumstances are tending to make men become. To be too far ahead of your age means failure just as surely as being too far behind it does. Those who are too far ahead are too much out of harmony with their actual surroundings to assert themselves and become leaders; they impress those who know them intimately with a mysterious sense of goodness and wisdom which the visible work which they leave behind fails to justify or account for; and though, by their influence on their younger contemporaries, they may effect much good, it is brought before the world by other hands and often under other names.

These remarks apply with peculiar force to the strange youth who, in the eighteenth century, anticipated the discoveries of Daguerre[1] and Von Groefe,[2] and of whom Wordsworth and others spoke in such high terms. Nothing that Thomas Wedgwood left behind, in the way of published papers or actual records of discoveries, accounts for or seems to correspond with the high esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries as an important factor in the intellectual life of the world. And when his family discovered a long-lost box of note-books and loose scraps of paper covered with his hand-writing, it was naturally expected that some light would be thrown on his somewhat mysterious reputation. The first inspection proved disappointing. One's impression, on a cursory survey, is that they are mere private memoranda of a desultory and dilettante observer, who jotted down whatever came into his mind on all sorts of subjects, without any particular end in view but that of whiling away time which he was too ill to use to any good purpose ; of a hypochondriac, mainly occupied with morbid brooding over his own sensations, physical and mental, and with criticising the behaviour of his family and friends. But the longer one perseveres in deciphering the extraordinary collection of observations which the box contains, the more clear does it become, not only that they nearly all had a logical connection in the writer's mind with one central thought, but that he was working throughout for a steady purpose. It is as if one had come across what seemed at first a mere

[1] Two sun-pictures made by Thomas Wedgwood are in existence, and have been engraved. His process is, I believe, not known.

[2] See note which follows at the end (p. 35).

heap of loose stones, about which closer inspection serves at last to reveal that they were originally collected with the intention of erecting a grand building; that many of them were carefully cut and shaped for their several places; that the plan has been lost; and that it is doubtful whether it can ever be entirely recovered. That Thomas Wedgwood's observations were collected with a serious object in view; that he was supported in weakness, and weariness, and depression, and pain by the belief that the record of his experiences would benefit mankind, becomes only too evident as one proceeds with the study of his MSS. It has been a mournful pleasure to put on record as much as I have been able to discover of his purpose and plan.

The centre round which Wedgwood gathered his observations is a remark by Hartley: a suggestion, new at that time, to the effect that our tastes are largely formed by association of ideas. Wedgwood had true reverence for the work of predecessors; he devoted his life to collecting incidents which might throw light on Hartley's theory. Wedgwood's remarks often seem to touch on the idea which occupied so prominent a place in the philosophy of the late author[1] of *The Mystery of Pain*, viz.—that a fact which under one set of conditions causes pain, may, under other conditions, be productive of actual pleasure; and especially so if the mind be filled with some loving and sweet emotion in connection with the fact. This happens to a certain small extent even in our present imperfect and irregularly educated state; it happens occasionally to a far greater degree. (Even being burned has, it is said, been turned into

[1] J. Hinton.

rapture for some martyrs.) If we were more fully developed it might happen to a far greater extent than it does; so that all which we now call pain and sorrow might be transmuted into the intensest joy. This is Hinton's theory.

Though Thomas Wedgwood has anticipated the peculiar ideas of the later thinker on this and other remarkable points, no two men could well be much more unlike than they; and the unlikeness shows itself more especially in the applications which they respectively make of the ideas which are common to them both. Thomas Wedgwood is as little as possible of a metaphysician; as little, that is to say, as a true philosopher can be. Knowledge of any kind is for him never an end in itself, only a means to an end. He recognises metaphysics as the necessary implement whereby our thought can be brought into such order, and our knowledge so correlated and co-ordinated, that we can make use of it for the good of mankind. He has no discoverable tendency to make of metaphysical inquiry an end in itself; human enjoyment is his aim always. He has throughout life had abundant personal experience of suffering of many kinds; and it is evident that familiarity has destroyed all reverence and all romance in connection with it. Pain is a thing which he simply and utterly hates, and which he desires neither to experience nor to witness: not to hear of or to think about, except in so far as his thinking of it may serve the purpose of enabling him to avert it from himself or others. (He does indeed more than once suggest that occasional pain may be necessary for the full enjoyment of pleasure.) Enjoyment is for him the sacred thing, the Divine

Mystery. He does not, like James Hinton, try to console the suffering by reminding them that as pain is one of the two elements of which pleasure is composed, they possess already one-half of Heaven; he rather seems to say, "Pain is the evil product of the decomposition of enjoyment; therefore let us prevent this corruption wherever we can; and, where we fail to do so, let us remove the products of decomposition as soon and as completely as possible, and so deprive them of the power of spreading contagion among our other enjoyments." He does not actually use any direct words about decomposition; but it is clear that when he recognised in pain a material which might have been an element of pleasure, he felt towards it as we do towards any product of corruption. His desire is less to console the afflicted than to gain a hold of babies while their organisation is still plastic, and by systematic culture teach them to keep possible causes of useless pain in constant contact with the associations which would make of them pleasure.[1]

It is clear that he did believe that the question

[1] What limits he would have assigned to man's power thus to convert pain into pleasure he does not actually define. It is hardly necessary to remark that it can only develop within narrow limits until either the art of healing has made great advances, or we develop some hitherto undreamed-of power of natural repair. Much (though by no means all) of our sensitiveness to pain is essentially protective in its nature, and a race of creatures who enjoyed being burned would, under existing circumstances, be soon eliminated by natural selection. Thomas Wedgwood lived before the *Origin of Species* was written, and this may therefore never have occurred to him; but he was too scientific and sane a man not to have seen that the increase of our practical ability to effect the conversion of pain into pleasure must be small within any one generation.

whether any individual shall derive pain or pleasure from any fact or action is already to a considerable extent a question of Association, and especially of habit. He lays great stress on the power of habit over the whole organisation. He believes that, just as any symbol which is at first purely conventional, a certain word for instance, may become so charged with memories that the mere sight or sound of it calls up painful or pleasant *emotions*, so an indifferent fact or action may, by habitual association with certain emotions, gain a power to cause painful or pleasant *sensations*. He seems to think that all direct impressions are vague and weak till they acquire intensity and clearness by repetition; that when we feel a thing keenly it is because a sort of memory residing in our very physical framework brings up former feelings to intensify the present ones. He thinks that the sensations of new-born babies are not keen, and that, such as they are, they are due mainly to ante-natal experience; that repeated action of the sensory organs is needed to get them into a condition to act vigorously; that the faculties of enjoying and suffering, wherever they may reside, are, like all our other faculties, weak in their first awakening, and acquire strength and definiteness only by repeated practice; that we could, to a far greater extent than we do, develop in ourselves, and still more in our children, the power of enjoying, and prevent the faculty of suffering from developing; and that it is the duty of parents to see that everything is done to educate in their children the power of feeling pleasure. He thinks also that it depends very much on ourselves and our teachers what particular things we shall like or dislike, enjoy or dread;

and therefore that it is the special duty of parents to provide children with agreeable memories and associations in connection with all such events as are most likely to happen to them often, and with all the actions which it is for the good (or rather pleasure) of Humanity as a whole that they should habitually perform. He takes it for granted that people will on the whole do what they best like; he does not discuss whether they ought to do so, or lament that they should; he assumes that they do and will seek pleasure. Therefore parents should take care to make the child like to do whatever they want the man to do, or rather whatever Humanity will want him to do.

This was the main purpose of all Wedgwood's labour. To analyse sensation, to trace it to its origin, to watch the processes of association by which, and the conditions under which, what at one time causes suffering produces at another time enjoyment, to discover on what depends the capacity for enjoying, to institute an investigation of pleasure and pain, and on that scientific basis to found an Art of Education, having for its aim the preparing of the human frame and brain for the reception of the most keenly and most continuously agreeable sensations, in order that, in future generations, the child's whole being shall be tuned to enjoyment, and the nerves of the grown man therefore shall vibrate in unison with the pleasurable elements in any experience, and be comparatively irresponsive to the sense of pain,—such, and no less, was the task which this lifelong sufferer set before himself and the educators of the future. He never seems to have doubted the possibility of its being ultimately accomplished; and it is evident

that he hoped to make some valuable contributions towards its accomplishment by his own labours. For this purpose he instituted a close investigation of sensation in all its forms and under all aspects. He makes minute observations on the relation between sensation and perception; watches how they are affected by emotion; analyses our elementary perceptions of taste, smell, and sound, of touch and of visual images; and endeavours to gather all the information he can as to how we get our ideas of music, form, colour, time, space, and what he calls "outness" (solidity or distance). He makes experiments on visual memory, drawing in his note-books groups of lines which seem to float before his eyes as a sort of disintegrated fossil remains of forms once seen or imagined, and then forgotten. He appears to have been working at all these subjects simultaneously, and makes notes about them all indiscriminately, at all hours of the day or night. He records his dreams with much care, as also scraps of conversation which he heard. There are several note-books of various sizes: on the cover is usually written an address; and inside the cover a notice that such a sum (varying from half a crown to a guinea or two) will be given to anyone who restores the book if lost.

He knew for some years that his work must be brought before the world by his friends, if at all; yet he seems to have taken little pains to facilitate their task. He was so methodical as to his main purpose, and so clear in his own mind as to the relation of each part of his work to the whole, that the necessity for keeping any strict visible order among his materials or of making them easily accessible to others may not have

occurred to him. He coins a mode of writing of his own—a sort of shorthand, in which the small words are left out, and those in most frequent use expressed by initials. Some words are used in a manner peculiar to himself, thus:—"associates" for "causes by association"; "associated p or p" for "caused pleasure or pain by association." Occasionally he writes in pencil (the pencil-marks of a hundred years ago!). Sometimes he partially numbers the pages of a book, but presently forgets to go on with the numbering. Occasionally he leaves a few blank pages, intending to recur to the subject in hand by and by; then, when he comes to the end of his book, he turns to these blank spaces and fills them up with whatever happened to be the subject of the last pages. (A little red book, with the paragraphs numbered in the order in which they were to be read, gave me the clue through the maze.) His note-book not being always at hand, he takes any scrap of paper he can find, a bill head, an advertisement sheet, an invitation-card, a piece torn from a letter, and jots down on it a remark, in one case a very important one.

His investigations are conducted partly by observation of his brother's children from the very hour of their birth. (One cannot help asking oneself how it happened that the mother and nurses tolerated in the nursery an inquisitive bachelor with views of his own on the Philosophy of Education, and an inveterate habit of free criticism; but he was so beloved that he was apparently allowed to say and do pretty much what he liked.) He observes the actions and words, looks, tones and gestures of all with whom he comes in contact, and makes minute notes of the effect of their behaviour on himself and on

the children of the house, especially as to whether the effect was to *raise or depress the spirits*. He makes notes while reading; and his choice circle of friends assist his studies by suggestive remarks. But the source whence he mainly seeks knowledge is of course the introspective examination of his own sensations and emotions, and of the sequence and connection between them. This last-named portion of his book reminds me of a conversation which I once had with a philosopher who was engaged in what I considered a dangerous kind of examination of the working of his own thinking machinery. By way of a suggestive analogy, I asked him whether there might not be some danger of a singer injuring his throat by trying to find out how notes are produced. He replied that there would indeed be danger, and that anyone whose object was to become, and remain, a great singer, would do well not to attempt such investigation; but that it might be worth while to sacrifice one voice in the hope of finding out how best to train other voices. My friend added that if he wanted to become a great writer or thinker, his self-analysis would be unwise; but there were plenty of men capable of doing all the thinking that was needed, and that he had devoted himself to a study of the machinery by which we think, knowing how injuriously this study might affect his own powers, but hoping to be of use to other thinkers.

There is only too great evidence that Thomas Wedgwood's capacity for enjoying must have been injured and his sensitiveness to pain frightfully increased by the habitual self-examination by which he hoped to increase the enjoying power of future generations. The exquisite

transparency and delicacy of his emotional and sensational nature, while it made him specially able to observe and record the modes of its operation, rendered him specially liable to be injured by such self-analysis. Whether he was conscious of the sacrifice he was making I do not know. I think not. Notwithstanding his habits of emotional introspection, he was not what I should call morally self-conscious; he seems to have been little aware of goodness or badness in himself, of the sacrifices which he made or of the sins of which he may have been guilty. Nor do I think that if he had known the harm he was doing to himself it would have caused him to desist from his work. His hatred of pain and love of enjoyment were by no means selfish. Not the pleasure of any individual, but enjoyment in itself, he considers the object to be aimed at. A good God must wish to witness the utmost amount of enjoyment possible; a good man's duty is to further the wishes of the Beneficent Creator. Nothing can excuse a rational being for incurring any avoidable pain, except the hope that he may avert a greater pain from himself or someone else; nothing can justify a man's neglecting to accept any attainable pleasure, unless his enjoying it will deprive either himself or some other creature of greater pleasure. Such is his creed; and, simple as it appears in contrast with complicated moral and religious systems, it seems to have been abundantly sufficient to provide him, not only with courage and charity, but also with the power of steady self-denial. He troubles himself with no queries as to why a Beneficent Creator arranged a world with loss and pain in it; with no theories about the necessary connection of pain with sin.

He takes it for granted that privation and suffering somehow had to be and could not be helped. His God is no stern Judge, no Holy One before whom sinful men must veil their faces, but that "Dieu des bonnes gens," the belief in whom theologians consider so demoralising; a sort of "Gitche Manitou the Mighty," who leaves people very much to themselves, except when he sees an opportunity of teaching them to smoke the peace-pipe, or grow corn; "der liebe Gott," who does not ask His children what they think of Him or His Holiness, but wishes them to enjoy His gifts, and asks of them no homage but to keep their enjoying power in as good order as they can. This simple faith in a good God who enjoys our enjoyment and suffers loss when we miss any pleasure that we might have had, suffices to vitalise his moral perceptions into a wonderful keenness and activity. His code of inner self-regulation reminds one at times of Marcus Aurelius; it is as conscientious and minute as the self-examination of a pietist, but without the solemnity of the latter, or its tendency to personal self-reproach; it is delicate as fine art-work, and shows something of an artist's enjoyment in his occupation. Indeed the key-note of his peculiar mode of dealing with moral questions seems to me to be that he belonged to a family who are artistic rather than scholarly or pious. He seems to have read a good deal, and gathered knowledge freely from books, but was in no sort of bondage to any portion of the book-world. He had never been enough under restraint as to his thinking to make him aggressive and rebellious by recoil; he attacks no system in particular; he simply ignores all religious codes; and as soon as metaphysical classification has

served its purpose of organising his material, he casts it away, and works, in emotion and sensation, much as I suppose his father worked in clay, conscious of no rules, guided only by his own sense of proportion and fitness, and with a true artist's love of bringing magnificent results out of homely and inadequate-seeming material. Hence an occasional appearance of grotesque bathos. On more than one occasion he explains a principle about which he was much in earnest by referring to the sensation of scratching one's head; thus indulging the same sort of artistic vagary as a sculptor who, in an idle moment, illustrates some favourite theory about form by tracing on a lump of mud.

All high-flown and self-conscious notions about the delights of sacrifice being foreign to his nature, he affects none; but there is abundant evidence that his pursuit of enjoyment was as self-less and pure-hearted, and one may say as artistic, as is the modern ideal scientific man's pursuit of "truth." The greatest sum total of enjoyment is his professed object; but in reality it is easy to see that his imagination has been fired by the idea of aiming at procuring the highest possible enjoyment for the creature most capable of enjoying. If the pursuit of this object causes pain to any individual, God enjoys the result on the whole, and man should be satisfied.

In weighing relative degrees of enjoyment, he estimates quality more highly than mere quantity. (Thus, in reference to our duties to the lower animals, he seems to think that the rightness or wrongness of Sport depends on whether the act of shooting gives more pleasure to the sportsman than the bird shot could have got from

all the remainder of its life.) His estimate of the difference in enjoying power of persons in different moral states and at different stages of development is very high; he lays comparatively little stress on the superiority of one *source* of pleasure over another, much on the different degrees of pleasure that man in various states will derive from the same source. His piety consists not in preferring celestial to earthly joys, but in keeping the power of deriving pleasure from commonplace objects at its highest possible level. This it is which saves him both from greed as to heaping up materials for enjoyment, and from that slough of sensuality into which those too often flounder who set up mere pleasure as the highest good in life. What might be the effect of his doctrines if they were accepted as universally as he wished, I cannot take upon myself to say; but to himself pleasure was, I think, a thing too utterly sacred to be a temptation; he seems to have looked on it as a sort of Communion. That the effect of some kinds of pleasure may be so to deaden one's organisation as to make it fail of developing its highest, keenest powers of enjoyment, he was well aware; this danger he knew should be taken into account in judging of the lawfulness of particular actions. But that anyone, remembering this danger, should be still tempted to snatch at the less keen enjoyment at the cost of the intenser,—that, I fancy, would be hardly conceivable to him. A few advanced thinkers of our own day have an idea that the way to make men temperate and pure is to teach them, not contempt for physical pleasure, but a belief in its sacramental nature, and an utter reverence for every form and degree of enjoyment.

Thomas Wedgwood does not indeed preach this doctrine —preaching of any sort does not seem to have been much in his line—but he seems to be the embodiment of it. The serious manner in which he speaks of the mingled sting and flavour of fine port, the burning, which he would feel as pain, did not the other portions of the taste convert even that into a pleasure, suggests that he was no more ashamed than Christ would have been to own how much he liked wine; and I think he was hardly more likely to be tempted to misuse it knowingly. His errors in the management of his health were due to ignorance, not to indifference, and still less to self-indulgence. His moral struggles, which were severe enough, no doubt, were different from those of robuster lads. Pain, not pleasure, was the enemy which threatened to overwhelm him. To keep up heart and hope, not to succumb to weariness and let suffering have the upper hand, must have been difficult enough; and wonderful is the courage with which he resists this perpetually besetting temptation. I cannot but think that, apart from any value in his observations, the mere example of his life would prove of value to many who are out of sympathy with the ordinary forms of religious and moral teaching.

Letters are extant which illustrate the singular kind of generosity which prevails in the great thought-laboratories where Science grows into being. This is especially noticeable in Erasmus Darwin's letters in answer to Thomas Wedgwood's suggestion of a plan for curing conical cornea. Darwin gives hints how Thomas Wedgwood's idea might be carried out, and how to shape an instrument for the purpose. Anybody might

get the credit of inventing the tool, provided only that it was somehow made. Darwin does not expect ever to use it. If it turned out a success, some younger surgeon would get whatever glory was to be earned by performing the new operation (which was afterwards done by Von Groefe). Darwin speaks indeed half jestingly of Tom's "earning immortal honour" by teaching how to cure a certain form of defective vision; but it is clear enough that Tom himself was simply placing his mechanical skill at Darwin's service. What his own views of *meum* and *tuum* in literary property were is evident from his own writings.

No picture of Thomas Wedgwood could be faithful which conveyed the impression of what is commonly called great vigour or intellectual grasp. He was delicate from childhood, a refined, over-sensitive subject; and he became, moreover, quite early in life, actually ill from premature and excessive study of moral questions, self-introspection, over-dosing, sorrow, and general mismanagement. He was kept sane by moral force alone; not so much by strength of will exerted during his illness, as by habits, of utter fidelity to truth and devotion to the happiness of mankind, acquired before his illness began, and which had become so instinctive and mechanical that they remained with him to the last. It is not a case of "cracked brain," to which, as Maudsley says, the cracks let in light; it was rather a general decay, which, in its slow burning, shed light on all around. The quality of his mental work is somewhat like the quality of sound which I have heard uttered by a person dying of lung disease, and singing a hymn tune after he had lost the power of

speech. Thomas Wedgwood was to die (the doctors predicted) either insane or paralysed. The habits of his life settled the question which it should be. He did not go mad, because he was still absorbed in the cultivation of human happiness long after he had lost the ordinary faculties of a sane man. There is extant a letter, almost the last he ever wrote, about some arrangements for the lodging of his sister-in-law; he was evidently incapable of making rational plans, but still revelling in the fact of planning for someone's comfort. The ruling passion was still strong in the decay of reason.

The great difficulty of understanding and representing him consists in the fact that we have to account for a man earning a wide-spread reputation by his influence on the intellectual life of others, by means of certain faculties which were, properly speaking, not intellectual. First, a certain natural faculty, an inborn kind of fine touch, half artistic, half moral, on intellectual things; something which makes of its possessor a sort of intellectual litmus paper or electrometer, whose function is to detect and reveal (perhaps sometimes unconsciously) exaggerations of thought and expression which most people are too coarse-grained to perceive. It is a quality which has no name that I know of, and no place in any classification. I suspect there has always been a good deal of it in the Wedgwood family.

The second is what I mentioned above, viz.—a diseased and decaying brain, controlled to the last by such a constant habit of thinking of the enjoyment of other people that there was nothing which he could go mad about. Some people say that anything which a diseased

brain can do, a healthy one can do better. They might as well, it seems to me, say that a healthy tree can give off light as well as one on fire, or in a state of phosphorescent decay; or that natural rhubarb is as delicate as forced; or that a sound medlar has the flavour of a "sleepy" one. Health and disease each have their place and function; no healthy man could be what Thomas Wedgwood was to all around him, could think his thoughts, or give off the same gently luminous influence on the thoughts of others. As long as disease exists, we must reckon among the fine arts the art of economising and utilising it, of providing that no blight shall fall on the forced rhubarb, that the medlar prematurely plucked from the tree shall become mellow and not rotten, that the decaying brain shall give off, not the dangerous flames of insanity, but steady light. The world would be a far better place than it is if all those who suffer as Tom Wedgwood did made similar use of the exceptional kind of intuition conferred on them by their suffering.

But perhaps the most important factor in his intellectual force was a sort of fidelity to truth which makes him in whom it dwells incapable of believing, or fancying he believes, anything, without trying to act it out in the minutest detail and at all costs. Those who have not this fidelity can believe all sorts of nonsense, religious, political, social, and what not. Most men who are in earnest at all, act out their *favourite* convictions, disregarding other things which they know (or think they know) to be true, but to which they do not find it convenient to attend. If a man perseveres in paying equal regard to all the things he believes, the result is

that each thing gets brought to the test of a severe *reductio ad absurdum*; he is stopped and checked at every turn; he hardly ever succeeds in doing much himself; but he is felt by those who do succeed as a guide and teacher of incomparable value.

This habit of following the truth, such truth as one at the time knows, "whithersoever it goeth," regardless of inconvenience, and danger, and difficulty, and pain, and of the ridicule which attaches to apparent inconsistency, gives to a man a critical judgment such as no combination of intellectual power and literary culture can supply without its aid. Thomas Wedgwood's two main ideas of culture are:—Deeds rather than words; and (when you do speak) Comparison rather than declamation. If you have learned a thing, practise it; if you believe a doctrine, do not "orate" about it, but act as if it were true; correct theory by practice. This runs through his whole life and gives the key to some of the most singular portions of his writings. If you think you know anything of mechanics, set up a workshop; if you have theories of Education, try what you can do in the way of improving first yourself, and then some child of whose present condition you disapprove; if you want to preach calmness in danger, see how you can behave in presence of a mad bull; if you want to make a child brave, let him stand on the safe side of the fence and watch you at odds with the bull, and then let him practise on a raging turkey-cock. The instances chosen by Thomas Wedgwood to illustrate his principle may be occasionally absurd; but the principle itself, faithfully adhered to through life, made of a man who would have had every excuse for being a helpless burden on his family such a

blessing both to his relatives and to the world as few families can boast.

The following is a good sample of his habitual conscientious mode of self-discipline. In early youth he seems to have cultivated a peculiar style of his own, one of exaggerated simplicity. When he came to make the studies for his chapter on "Genius," he became aware of the fact that cultivating eccentricity in non-essentials is not always good for Genius. He immediately acted on this new-born conviction. He copied out the study on "Genius" in a clear hand, on clean paper, leaving a broad margin, and sent it to some friend (I think Godwin), in order that the style might receive correction.

One most noticeable feature of his writing is that while he recognised and perhaps exaggerated the faults committed by those who had charge of his education, and deplored the consequent suffering and loss of power entailed on himself, no expression of blame (so far as I have seen) escapes him. He attributes the errors of his parents and teachers to ignorance of the true principles of nerve-action. He might easily have become bitter by brooding on the ills inflicted on him—many a man has done so on less grounds—but he gives no thought to the past except so far as is needful to gain instruction for the future. We of our generation (he seems to say) have incurred much diminution of power to enjoy and cause enjoyment, owing to the mistakes of our ancestors; but "if I can add one idea to the stock of those concerning Education, my life will have been well spent"; and in that sentence is exhaled all the passion which his own suffering ever excited in him—the passion to add

to the enjoyment of others. To use his own phrase, he "never orates, but discusses"—and acts.

Miss Meteyard[1] has said, I know not on what authority, that "Thomas Wedgwood, like his father, had caught up Rousseau's baseless theory of the perfectibility and happiness of man in the savage state"; adding, "Further consideration would have proved to Thomas Wedgwood that it is not by treading back, but by treading onwards in the course of civilisation that true happiness, as expressed by simplicity of life, will be found." What Miss Meteyard refers to nothing that I have seen goes to show. To judge by his note-books, I should say that Thomas Wedgwood caught up no theories, baseless or otherwise; in all things he seems to have thought independently; and, whenever it was possible, he systematically brought all his thoughts to the severest test of experience. His remark that "Rousseau will do no harm to a nation *boutiquière*," is unlike the expression of random and unqualified admiration for the writer, or of second-hand belief in his theories. Rousseau sent his own children to the Enfants Trouvés, in order to be able to write books on Education, undisturbed by the contact of obtrusive and unmanageable facts. Thomas Wedgwood spent his time in his brother's nursery, and devoted himself to the task of giving a little of the joyousness of a natural and playful life to an irritable child whom he did not much like, and brought Rousseau's theories, and his own as well, to the test of practice. Rousseau startled Europe with brilliant and in some respects mischievous paradoxes; whereas Thomas Wedgwood earned the undying grati-

[1] *A Group of Englishmen.*

tude of those whose lives were enriched and sanctified by his influence, and left on record his belief that, though savagery has advantages which are wanting *in our imperfect civilisation*, yet the true and stable naturalness is the result of a *return* to a life of spontaneity, of impulse, *after a period of artificial suppression.*

But indeed, after reading these private memoranda, one would not be surprised to learn that Thomas Wedgwood was considered, by his friends, at one time a follower of Rousseau, at another of Hartley, or of whatever author he happened to have been reading last. A man of great originality, if he have at the same time a plastic temperament, or the art of keeping his mind in what Thomas Wedgwood[1] himself calls "a live and sensible state," is apt to speak enthusiastically of one author after another, and to seem, for a time, absorbed in the ideas which he is for the moment studying. Thomas Wedgwood had the characteristic which MacIntosh points out in Hartley—a tendency to overstate his obligations to his predecessors. Originality seems—to writers who do not possess it—to be something valuable and grand, something of which one should be proud; but to its possessor it means loneliness; and the man who has much experience of it, if he be of an affectionate disposition, derives a pleasure from the thrill of contact with other minds in which his own ideas —or something more or less like them—have arisen independently. This is a relief from the dreary fatigue of being more admired than understood. Hence the not uncommon spectacle of a leader taking pains to point out that somebody else anticipated him; and his followers,

[1] Essay on Genius.

on the contrary, endeavouring to prove that the somebody else did not after all mean as much, or did not really mean the same thing at all (of which I suspect we should have had an amusing instance in the case of Thomas Wedgwood had his biography been published soon after his death by any admiring friend). Hence also the other seeming anomaly—that second-hand work is often done with an elaborate appearance of originality; whereas much of the most original thought is produced under the form of laudatory critique of others, and in a deceptively humble style of language.

It is difficult to discover what value Thomas Wedgwood set on his own intellectual powers. It is evident that he was from childhood surrounded by a circle of admirers, and also that he was constantly on his guard against being led astray by flattery. He remarks once that he wonders what was the just estimate of his powers. He longed to be understood and loved; but all wish for mere fame was swallowed up in the overmastering desire to do what he could for human happiness, and to add to the stock of "ideas concerning Education." I cannot think that he quite believed in his own modest appreciation of himself and his humble pretence of getting all his ideas out of books. If there was any sin in which he voluntarily indulged, it was that shy pride which assumes the garb of humility, and which is perhaps in very deed the devil's darling vice, for the reason that it sometimes mars the usefulness of minds too noble to be infected by any other, while it is to our eyes so beautiful that the sternest preacher hardly dares point it out as a fault. Perhaps to this shy affectation of humility may be attributed the fact that while Thomas Wedgwood was

making a handsome allowance to Leslie, who indulged himself in the extravagance of buying gilt-edged paper on which to write quantities of vulgar nonsense, he himself committed his best thoughts to scraps of paper, or wrote so closely in his books as to be almost illegible. His economy in paper seems to have been one main cause why his labour has never been made use of.

The delicate and subtle nature of Thomas Wedgwood's dissent from Rousseau has been pointed out above. There is an equally subtle difference between his thought and that of certain modern enthusiasts of the so-called altruistic school. In his scheme of a perfect state, the impulse for each action is to be given by the individual's actual personal liking. The effect of the process of education is to be that, whereas in a savage state man likes to do many things which are bad for humanity as a whole, in the perfect state his liking will be for those things which it is good for the world that he should do. According to some humanitarians, the effect of proper direction of the mind would be to make the joy of doing good in itself overwhelmingly preponderant over all other joys. According to Thomas Wedgwood, the effect of habit is to be to make those things which cause pleasure to others in themselves enjoyable to the individual. According to some moralists, the passion for Humanity, the joy of sacrifice, ought to burn out the sensitiveness to small pleasures. Thomas Wedgwood, on the contrary, never forgets the advantage of having that food of which you like the taste best; he wants to teach men how to learn to like what it is best that they should have. When he prefers beef to mutton, yet thinks it for some reason right to eat

mutton, he becomes anxious, not to procure steak in defiance of rightness, but to learn to like chop best. He says that he knows how to do this, and thinks that he can teach his art.

The difference between these two views of life (that preached by Thomas Wedgwood and that of ordinary altruism) is very subtle and difficult to express in words; but as one studies these MSS. it makes itself keenly felt. Thomas Wedgwood would perhaps prove in this respect the more practically useful teacher. The average man would probably be better able to appreciate the advantage of training oneself physically to like what it is right to eat, or possible to get, or not too costly of other people's labour to procure, than to realise the possibility of so training oneself morally as to find a heavenly joy in eating that of which the actual taste is at the time unpleasant.

His rough notes seem to me likely to prove more valuable (if they could be made available for use) than the more finished work, such as essays, etc., because the value of any man's intellectual conclusions necessarily diminishes with time, whereas the mental photograph of an honest thinker *in the act* of forming his judgment on any subject about which he is ahead of his own time remains a possession for ever.

Charles Darwin's mother was the sister and his wife the niece of Thomas Wedgwood, whose ideas in reality constituted, we may say, the religion in which those ladies were brought up.

In watching the actual mental processes of the uncle we seem to catch Charles Darwin's peculiar genius in the very act of coming into being. Darwin's peculiar ideas

about evolution came to him from his paternal grandfather. But his attitude towards nature and towards man, his unambitious career, the gentle patience with which he devoted himself to collecting evidence and testing the value of his grandfather's conception, all these qualities came from the mother's side, and were fostered by her brother's gentle influence.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

NOTE

THE letters from Thomas Wedgwood to which those of Darwin seem to be replies have not been found. An ophthalmic surgeon who saw the replies gathered from them that Thomas Wedgwood must have suggested to Darwin the method of cure of conical cornea which, about thirty years later, was adopted and is still in use. This surgeon wrote:—

"The letters referring to an operation for the removal of a portion of the centre of the cornea in order to correct defective curvature thereof, indicate a very clear conception of the now generally practised treatment for the disease styled conical cornea. Such a conception in the last century" (*i.e.* the eighteenth), "or indeed in the first quarter of the present" (*i.e.* the nineteenth), "would be considerably in advance of anything attributed to that era. It would therefore be most interesting to ascertain to what Englishman may be properly attributed the glory of this brilliant conception, which has hitherto been almost indisputably given to the late Von Groefe."

[*No attempt has been made to organise the material or reduce it to literary form. We give only fragments as he jotted them down for his own use. A few explanatory remarks are enclosed in square brackets.*]

THERE is pleasure in discovering fault where all the world is content or admires.

The desire of converting others originates often in pride alarmed that others dare to differ from our convictions, and a desire to show that we are not misled by specious evidence.

To know the sense of mankind as to their own happiness, vice, etc., collect all the proverbs, and see whether the unfavourable sentiment predominates.

Disappointment is an imaginary evil in great measure. In shooting, a hare crosses me and I miss it. Disappointment ensues. If I did not compare my present situation without the hare to the situation of possessing the hare, what other source of pain is there? If no hare had got up I should have been easy. But I have more reason to be pleased than that, since I have had the sport of seeing and shooting at the hare.

If any man pretend to be above the world (exempt from all solicitude about the opinion of others, inaccessible to the cravings of vanity), ask him if he can hear his own name spoken in the next room without pricking his ears, or feel no interest in the defence of his questioned indifference.

A child plays the simple part which nature assigns to him; he is artless, open, joyful, with a lively and bewitching expression of simplicity, fearlessness, and pleasure. In youth he is taught to act the artificial part of a gentleman, and presents an awkward medley of bad acting and strokes of nature which will sometimes escape through all his vigilance and constraint. At length, a man, he has learnt his part; he has completely divested himself of every natural expression; every word and action is measured and regulated by the established rules of the drama of good breeding.

So completely is he taken up with his new character, that even in his closet every gesture and expression, nay, every secret sentiment, shall evidently belong to it.

If you wish to know a man's weak side, ask him, in a moment of confidence, candidly to declare in what he conceives himself chiefly to excel. Stubbs the horse-painter would name portrait painting as his forte. Hayley would not deny that he had a happy talent for comedy in verse; and one noted in never waiting an answer would lay claim to a capital improvement of Socratic oratory.

Another way of ascertaining in what a man thinks highest of his own powers is to attend to his remarks on

others. He will always point out those defects which appear to him the opposite of his own perfections.

Satirists affect to pronounce from an observation of others, whilst in fact it is from observation of themselves.

Contemptible objects alone require pompous description. Whatever has real merit will soon spread its own fame. How absurd then ever to be led to high expectations and consequent disappointment by so vulgar an artifice!

Men of study, beware of solitude. It infallibly begets conceit. How can it be otherwise when every theory, hypothesis, and conjecture (from the mere want of discussion and the test of a mind differently conformed to our own, or at least divested of that fondness for our own productions which reconciles us to their absurdities) maintains its ground. If you have a high opinion of your merits, lay one-half to the account of conceit.

Never was there yet a human being who had the honesty to declare all the sources of his pleasures. There are but few who could even recognise, and still less acknowledge them, if fairly stated. Who does not derive pleasure from the relation of a murder which has recently taken place in his neighbourhood? How many eagerly press forward to witness hair-breadth escapes, accidents in the streets, ravages of storms, etc.! Would they rush to their own pain? No; it is their pleasure which they seek. What greater treat than a house on fire? What disappointment if an immediate extinction takes place! In short, roused attention is pleasurable

in all cases. I question if the mariner who by violent exertion and in imminent danger warps his vessel off a shoal, does not enjoy pleasure during the whole operation.

Where is the man who does not sometimes delight in giving pain to his companions?

I certainly know no such man among my acquaintance. The most benevolent of them, under the provocation of attack, or temptation of being witty, will not uniformly forego his own advantage from a scrupulous regard for the feelings of an individual.

If Morals and Metaphysics had half the attention and ingenuity bestowed on Mechanics. . . .

Decay of Beauty is compensable by increase of knowledge and dignity. Once let every tarnished feature, every new furrow, be the representative of accession of intelligence, and we shall rejoice and glory in the havoc of time. Let a man look forward to this sweet consolation. It will stimulate to improvement.

What is it we wish in exciting the sympathy of others with our sufferings? That others should be almost as unhappy as ourselves. Of the same nature is the pleasure we have in our calamity being shared by others.

The art of legere-de-main is to give such rapid motion to the hands and arms as to be invisible to vulgar[1] eyes. This is effected by long practice. In like manner, in a course of years, the processes of the mind are performed with a velocity which baffles the keenest observation;

[1] [The antiquated form for what we now call common.]

and a metaphysician who wishes to analyse in detail these complex processes has as difficult a task before him as the man who should attempt to detect all the tricks and invisible movements of a Breslaw.

Two kinds of Metaphysics: Descriptive and Analytical. The first describes accurately the processes of mind as now perfected, abbreviated by the practice of years. As if, looking at Breslaw with a nice eye, we should give all the parts of a complicated trick. This description gives little insight into the nature of the real process of the trick; but only what strikes the senses of the deceived spectator.

The second goes into the early formation of the processes, exposes them in their imperfect, unabbreviated state, in their different stages of perfection. As if one should show progressively how Breslaw learnt the various component parts of his trick, and how, by skilful manœuvring, he is able with them to produce the effect so accurately described by the first Metaphysician. This investigation acquaints us with the real nature of the process, and enables us to lay down certain principles of education. Perhaps Hartley is the only Metaphysician who can fully claim a place in this class.

Telling truth to the world, on all occasions, quite out of the question. He is a hero that dares always search after and acknowledge it to himself.

If once Madmen should outnumber us in our senses, we shall then change places with them and become the Madmen of the day. For what is Madness but a difference of opinion from the majority?

Surveying a simple state of society where luxury and refinement is unknown, I see everyone address his fellow with perfect fearlessness and confidence. In a more polished country nine-tenths of the inhabitants are awed by continual timidity. What keeps that circle of visitors dumb and constrained? Fear of not acting their artificial part with address. See that poor girl just entering a drawing-room, her knees shaking, her eyes swimming, she can scarcely stammer out the usual civilities. Who would not suppose that she and the circle she so much dreads had committed some enormous crime and was every moment apprehensive of immediate detection.

Such is the modesty of man, that if by accident you address anyone by a wrong name, mistaking him for another, it is ten to one you offend his vanity.

Analogy between a well-bred man and an inn-dog (*i.e.* one who has been taught attractive tricks?).

Vain person acts a new character before every person he meets in the streets; grave to the sage, sprightly to the gay, etc. etc.

Useful exhibition to an intolerant and illiberal people: —A professed Atheist of high and unexceptionable virtue and unclouded cheerfulness.

Coleridge boasting to Porson of the "transcendent talents" of a man, the latter replied, "When you are a dozen years older, you will be sensible that there are no transcendent talents in the world." If all the wild conjectures, dark puzzles, and inexplicable absurdities

which crowd the mind of the first genius in existence were laid before us and compared with the diminutive product which has resulted, we should not fail to exclaim: "Parturiunt," [1] etc., or to liken him to a man who should consent to be up to the middle in mud fifteen hours a day that he might fly the sixteenth. The originality of a man of genius is like that of a book, and vanishes as soon as we know other books and men from which they all borrow.

Let not a man think himself pure of diabolical commixture till he can hear of the disgrace of a bitter antagonist without the slightest emotion of pleasure.

How is one deceived on the merit of one's own jokes? First, from Vanity; second, from being in high good humour at the moment. These two feelings, superadded to that excited by the little pure Attic of the joke, amalgamate with it; and so the whole feeling of pleasure is attributed to the worth of the joke itself. This proves the identity of the three feelings. Same mistake in authorship—Vanity of Composition, *i.e.* pleasure, is confounded with excellence of the composition; and the author must thus overrate his performance.

Half the nation are rogues, half fools. If the rogues did not do what they pleased with the fools they would be the greatest fools of the two.

To prevent the wearing out of a language, high-sounding terms should be sold at so much a piece to authors.

[1] ["The mountain in labour brought forth a mouse."]

Nothing more trying to human patience than the society of fools. A generous temper never shines with greater lustre than in the exertion of a considerate forbearance towards them.

What an advantage the man of uncultivated mind possesses, in finding everywhere the fellowship of equals, which gives him the same pleasure as the man of refinement must hunt a country over to obtain.

Great generosity of character is often accompanied by indolence, and sometimes by petty sensualities and selfishness. A man of this temper makes a greater effort in running out of one room into another for a friend, in resigning a *bonne-bouche* to a longing child, or in parting with a favourite penknife, than in giving away hundreds.

When a young man first emerges from tuition into the World, he has little more absolute freedom than poor Gulliver wakening to find himself bound by a thousand cords. The business of modern education is to tie down the freedom of judgment by a thousand prejudices. Placed in fortunate circumstances, and liberally endowed by Nature, some men are able, by dint of time and indefatigable perseverance, to snap the major part of them asunder. Let successful effort inspire a generous triumph and noble elevation that may prompt us to urge this honourable labour.

Some men who have deviated from the wise simplicity of Nature in costume, manners, thoughts, and general habits have, by a magnanimous and persevering effort,

returned to it in all these particulars. How widely do these men differ from the mere man of nature, who is as you see him, without having been the contrary! He is still subject to corruption. The other is proof against all temptation. The one may be devoid of Character. The other has evinced his superiority. The one is amiable without knowing or adverting to it. The other is perpetually conscious of his advantages. Yet the man of nature will often please or delight more powerfully than the other; for genuine naïveté is perhaps always resolvable into ignorance. Before the other has fully reattained the simplicity he aims at, there will be this remarkable difference between the two—the one acts without thinking of himself; shows great energy or emotion and activity without once thinking of anything but the object; whereas the other has a thousand times reflected upon himself: the figure he is making, the figure he ought to strive to present, comments on the propriety and proportion of his emotion and action. After long practice and renewed attempts at concentration of mind upon a subject, he will at length forget himself on the same occasions.

A man's whole day's conversation written down occasionally would have a good effect.

Shyness is always a fear of our real character being known, an apprehension that we shall not act skilfully enough to pass ourselves off for better than we are. The great dread is that we cannot conceal our habit of shyness.

Different modes of enunciation. Enumerate some of

the most striking. M'Intosh and Godwin close their mouths after each remark, and seem to close the discussion at the same time. The best manner and tone would be:—Diffidence enough to provoke further discussion; a kind of constant interrogative tone, and a respectful look, soliciting communication from those around.

Greatness of mind exhibited in a man who constantly and unreluctantly sacrifices his vanity to the public advantage. Such a man would co-operate with another of ten times his fame, and readily consent that all his hopes of fame should thus be certainly swallowed up. He is ready to cry out at each importunate suggestion of *amour propre* (apostrophising himself), "Contemptible, insignificant individual, will you place your paltry interests in the scale against the general good?" He disregards a lost opportunity of shining, or any personal disgrace which will not materially affect his utility.

How many abject slaves to appetites, and to habits of thought and action, are for ever boasting their love of liberty! If external liberty be sweet, Gracious God, how delicious is internal freedom! As we approach to its attainment, what longing ought not a prospect of deliverance from the ever-galling load of prejudices, habits, and opinions to inspire!

In civilised society man is lost for want of excitement. Hence a passion for romance and scenic exhibition. These remind us of our lost dignity and pleasures, and transport us for a moment out of that dull, incessant

routine in which we are doomed to circulate. The great charm of fox-hunting is of the same nature. How many millions of men perish without having once been roused into that elevation of sentiment to which the mere savage is no stranger under the various excitement of enterprise in war, the chase, turbulent assemblies for politics, for love or noisy mirth, and which renders his existence incomparably more grand and delightful! There are few instances of the roving and enterprising gipsy quitting his self-control,[1] his subdial tent, his schemes of fraud and plunder, for the dull, uniform, submissive life of the labourer or artisan. How miserable is the construction of Society! How pitiable the destiny of its helpless victims! Our first lesson is to do as we are bid by our parents—this is only the preparatory lesson to a worse—to do as custom and laws irresistibly prescribe. Liberty, the foster-mother of genius and pleasure, of every quality which ennobles or delights human nature, true to her wild divinity, retreats before the steps of civilising man.

Constant vanity pourtrayed in this circumstance—that if great good or ill-fortune betide anyone, the bystander immediately says, "Did *I* not tell you?" "Was not *I* right?" As if the importance of the event consisted at all in having illustrated their sagacity.

To shine in mixed society, it is not necessary to have extensive or profound opinions. A few, defended, from long habit, with facility and brilliancy, especially if they lean to vulgar prejudices, will seldom fail to carry the

[1] [Meaning *independence of other control.*]

day against the man who is really so far advanced as to have become sceptical on all difficult questions, and who never *orates*, but discusses.

The great art of correction of bad habits, or of resisting evil propensities, consists in this: Weigh well your resolution ; once taken, when the occasion of vice occur, do not now reweigh, but act instantly as you had resolved. If you reweigh, the temptation, being present, will sophisticate your judgment and bear down your resolution.

A sufficient answer to those who undervalue Metaphysics:—If men would never enter at all into the province of metaphysics in order to confuse others and themselves with subtleties, sophisms, and paradoxes, then perhaps the study of genuine metaphysics might be neglected; but it is necessary to know them thoroughly to refute these.

A man of real goodness and candour will never dwell long with virulence on the faults of others, without intermixing what can be said to their advantage; the use of all language being to give accurate ideas of what it describes.

A man of nice observation, who has thoroughly examined himself, if he give a perfectly sincere account of his researches, must infallibly appear a great monster to one who has never employed himself in similar observation, to one who has not reflected on his own nature and sensations. This is a drawback on the practice of perfect sincerity which must have its effect.

It is a pity that different speculative points have

always been investigated and illustrated by persons who have warmly espoused one side or other. Can the whole history of literature present one work composed by a man who had not at all made up his mind, or attached feeling to one side?

Men have had so little honesty and candour that they have never hinted at faults in others, still less explicitly pointed them out, which they suspected were also to be found in themselves. Hence it is now generally inferred that where a man criticises the frailty of others, he always conceives himself free from it; and it would be deemed intolerable in him to blame where he is notoriously culpable himself, and no ways commendable to censure what he is secretly conscious of offending in, though he contrive to keep others in ignorance; as artful men often contrive to profit of the opposite inference which is made to their advantage when loudly exclaiming against some fault in others.

To such a length is this principle carried, that if I ask a friend for the character of anyone, he is expected, either not to mention, or to touch very lightly on, what is perhaps its most prominent characteristic, some vice which my friend is also unfortunately infected with. So that it may happen, where the character sought is very vicious, that it will require half a dozen men to pourtray it to me in its full colours. If a man is obliged and determined to dwell on faults which he is also guilty of, he will often candidly premise that he is setting up no pretensions to his own innocence. But how impertinent is it to talk about oneself when asked to describe the character of another!

There is perhaps no man who is Stoic enough not to have one sore place in his mind which he cannot even attempt to heal, and which he cannot bear to have touched or even breathed on.

How amiable is the propensity to give a charitable or even favourable construction to the actions of men; never to have recourse to an unfavourable interpretation till the opposite has proved unsatisfactory!

Test of good physiognomy:—After meeting a stranger, shut your eyes and dwell on the recollection of the countenance. If it become agreeable, the physiognomy must be partially good; if it become hideous, it is bad.

ASSOCIATION = the principle of action that regulates *Idea*, *Feeling*, and *Muscular Action*.

Idea defined.—Intended to express all perceptions of existences, excluding all emotion, agitation, all disturbance of perfect serenity (whether contemporaneous from prior affection, *or* subsequent from their own operation).

Thus the *idea* of the relative position of the three sides of a triangle occurring to me as I study its properties with a view to the dissipation of some heavy grief, is contemporaneous with the emotion or dejection that unceasingly presses on my spirits. *And* the idea of a dying son is immediately followed by an emotion of lively concern. There are many ideas which from their nature are little capable of affecting the equilibrium of our sensation. Such are the enunciations of Mathematics, Physics, and the ideas relating to distant, past, or future events of trivial import. Yet these, and all others, from

the extreme subtlety and ceaseless activity of association, may become capable of it, and, on the other hand, all those ideas which seem by their nature most calculated to excite emotion may become incapable of doing so. It would therefore add nothing to perspicuity to attempt any such distinction amongst them.

Mind may be used for the seat of idea; understanding for the faculty of combining, separating, comparing, and inferring ideas.

The Chiming of Bells *in the day-time* associated a feeling of dejection in me.

Case I.—Oct. 30, Sunday, 1796. When lying in bed the sound of Newcastle bells struck my ear, and I was immediately sensible of the low, despondent sensation it associated.

Case II.—Nov. 6, 1796. Travelling between Burton and Leek, I got out of the gig at the hill ascending to the Turnpike near Leek to ease the horse. I was a little starved; had just remarked myself to have a slight uneasy sensation, from a consciousness of not having any interesting subject for my mind to exercise itself upon. At the moment Leek bells began chiming. The oppressive influence of this sound was immediately felt without being immediately ascribed to its author, or indeed made in itself an object of particular attention. The operation evinced itself in giving me a disproportionate aversion to a dirty walk of a hundred yards that lay before me, and next in suggesting an idea that I must lay my account for many disagreeable scenes in my future life. I conceived of making a stupid call with a

travelling party to some family in the neighbourhood of a town we were passing through, foreseeing a painful exertion to entertain the ladies of the family. I then had a confused idea of being among the cavalcade of church-goers in Leek and of being disagreeably exposed to their curious observation. At length it occurred to me that I was possessed of the melancholy feeling excited in me by the Chiming of Bells *in the day-time.* The origin of this feeling is of an early date, and is derived from a natural timidity which was alarmed more or less every Sunday by my being forced into crowded streets and highways, the bells chiming at the same time. It is an association of Contiguity. I have often lain in bed on a Sunday morning, loathing the occupation of the day, and listening to the numerous bells of the neighbouring Churches.

No such association with *bells in the night.* On the contrary, I am exhilarated by them. This bizarrerie is not difficult of explanation, and may lead to some curious speculations. Bells at night are calculated to inspire cheerfulness by opposing to the dark and to the dead stillness of night ideas of active merriment as existing in the town or steeple. I have heard bells at night when my mind was not only at ease but happy from the idea of the hateful day and its disgusting duties being over. I happen, too, to have heard bells in towns when comfortably seated by an inn fire. I have felt the exhilaration of travelling and a change of scene and enjoyed the prospect of my evening. Still, one would be apt to think that, the action of Association being so instantaneous, at least a momentary sensation of the uneasy

feeling would be felt at night from the sound of bells. The answer is contained in a more accurate explanation of the process of Association. The feeling in question is not associated with the simple sound, but with all that other affection of my whole which accompanies it. Thus, during the day, the *consciousness of its being so* is perpetually recurring. This, then, is one attendant circumstance upon the sound to enable it to excite the uneasy feeling. Also, I have acquired this particular object of Association when my mind has been in a state of *leizure*, and roving from one thing to another.

Leizure, then, is a third requisite for the excitement of this feeling, and accordingly, if I were actively engaged in some pleasant occupation, the bells would chime in vain. Hence it appears that at least three circumstances must concur to produce it—*Sound of bells; Consciousness of its being day; Leizure*, and that a change of *one* of the three, viz., a Consciousness of its being nigth, occasions the excitement of an opposite feeling.

Analysis of Virtuous Action

[Case I. occurs to him.]

A man has been educated by a Philosopher who incessantly inculcated the idea of his being born for the good of mankind and that he must never hesitate to offer his life for that object, whether at the head of an army or by his own hand. The suggestion therefore does not disturb the tranquillity of his mind. "The moment," says he, "not unforeseen, in which the welfare of my people bids me quit this feverish scene seems to be arrived. Let me not, however, rashly conclude so

Let me carefully examine the circumstances of this momentous case; let me calmly and dispassionately plead the cause of Life." (After some minutes' cool reflection directed, without ceasing, or the smallest distraction, to the question.) "I am satisfied. My death cannot fail to restore peace and happiness to my distressed subjects. Shall I now start a doubt of the conclusiveness of those reasonings which have so often demonstrated to my entire conviction the *necessity* of unlimited personal sacrifice? No. Firm to the avowed purpose of my life, I here resign it a votive offering to the welfare of my species," and he plunges into the stream.

What sensation ensues? Is it possible that a human being could be so educated as that he should feel pleasure in procuring happiness to others, let his own personal sacrifice be what it may? If so, then all the degrees between great horror of death and joy are possible on such an occasion. In the instance before us, we wish to consider the effects of resolution without the aid of much feeling. We will suppose then that he has been so educated as neither to feel pleasure nor horror from the discovery of the necessity of his death.

I was strolling by myself one fine afternoon in the woods near Berne in a pleasant flow of spirits; a solemn tone of a distant bell caught my ear. I stopped to listen to its reverberation among the trees. I felt a high relish for the rich fulness of the tone, and had stood enjoying it for some little time, when I became sensible of the intrusion of an anxious feeling which at length so

moderated my enjoyment that I was constrained to change the object of my attention. I could not at all account for this intrusion, nor imagine what bewitched me to extract a painful sentiment from irritations of the sense of sight and hearing, purely agreeable. I was not then habitually aware of the separate association of feeling. At last it struck me that there was a striking resemblance between the tone and that of the Hamburg bell, with which I had several unpleasant associations, and, amongst the rest, a sensation of melancholy. My perplexity here arose entirely from the second happening to associate the *feeling* BEFORE the idea of the Hamburg bell.

Going to bed immediately after writing a letter to a friend, the matter and manner of which I conceived would be pleasing to him, I felt so happy in the idea of having made myself an object of pleasure to him, that I dwelled upon it and gave scope to a pleasing reverie. I saw my friend seated in his chamber, break the seal and read. I repeated the letter to myself, all the while imagining him to read. I observed his features assume an expression of affectionate esteem; he rose from his chair folding the letter and exclaiming with his peculiar emphasis and a tone corresponding with that expression, "*He is a good fellow.*" I now felt myself considerably moved, and very agreeably so. I did not then stop to analyse the case, but I was struck with the distinctness of my conceptions and the liveliness of the emotion, and determined to do so at some future opportunity. It suggested itself to me, however, that the resulting sensation was what my friend would ex-

perience. I am now convinced that it was not so, but a very different one, viz., that self-congratulation and intoxicating influence of a flattered self-love *associated with the expression of his countenance* the same sensations as would arise from reading a letter from him containing some flattering allusions to the matter of my letter and some warm declarations of esteem.

"To a bachelor, and especially one of sensibility, the cry of a child is extremely disagreeable." Parent grows accustomed to it, and associates it with his own efforts to relieve the child. Finds it less unpleasant.

[Analyses his sensations on seeing a letter written to refuse a lover's suit. Thinks they are different from the sensations of the lover himself.] I have sometimes, when glowing with feelings of affection for friends I had just quitted, asked myself if I did not love all mankind; and, calling up a number of different images of men, the feeling still continuing which was originally derived from dear friends and too strong soon to subside, have inferred that I had this general love. In the same way, when pleasurably excited by any circumstance, it is notorious that all other things considered immediately afterward appear in captivating colours.

(The tendency to weep at sight of scenes of our childhood may be caused by imperfect pleasure, by the inability to perfect a nascent pleasure.)

Charity to others.—A person of nice sensibility, when shocked by the carelessness and folly of others, before he loudly and harshly condemns, should take an united

view of the whole character of the individual—and he will generally find the faults redeemed by considerable virtues. Or let him search his own failings, and *pair off* in peace and charity.

Temperance

When unable to restrain from some vicious indulgence, as gluttony, etc., call up the picture of a disgusting sot, who is also unable to refrain from his vice. Ascertain your present identity with this character and smart from the comparison.

What is the general character of persons who read sentimental novels? Are they capable of unfeeling and selfish conduct.

Solitude is not in itself above half the evil which we ingeniously make it by unceasingly comparing it with the state[1] of society, instead of cultivating it as an occasional and not unsalutary change.

Women:—tittle tattle:—consequence to be given to the present moment makes them avoid candour, which is a comprehensive view of conduct and therefore weakens present weight. [He means that a woman instinctively avoids candour of mind, lest she should be forced to see how unimportant are the trifles with which she fills up her time and her thoughts.]

Repining at some accident, first, deprives us of all present enjoyment, and, so far, does us more mischief

[1] [*i.e.* condition of *being in society*.]

than if it shortened life so much. Secondly, it shortens life also, by anxiety.

Manhood strives to cloak all its livelier affections under a grave exterior. Wine and Passion strip off the guise; and you then see some of these early, deep-rooted habits of thought and action break out which were formed in boyish days:—we are subject to this to our latest years.

With what an inadequate ignorance we judge of the nature of our happiness! A young fellow at the end of a journey flung his umbrella on the ground:—"Never have I once profited of thee, thou wearisome burden!"

Now I had heard this man congratulate himself a hundred times on the journey, in threatening weather, on the perfect feeling of security for which he was indebted to his umbrella. As if this feeling were no blessing!

Do not Metaphysics sharpen the wits more than any other kind of thought? Is not almost all deception, intentional or unintentional, produced by ambiguities of words? Now, does any study, if soundly used, tend so much to guard against and detect the fallacy of language?

Should be inquired, not whether, alone, Sensibility be a good thing, but whether it be compatible with the other valuable qualities of Man. Perhaps not with Presence of Mind.

Feeling for Beauty in Arts may be refined without

subjecting to disgust at Deformity:—by fixing a habit of cool criticism on Deformity: dispassionate animadversion.

May not all painful feeling be repressed while the opposite is cultivated?

Children now are not taught to encounter misfortune. Occupation of Mind and Body is the panacea for painful feelings, and might be associated with that state so firmly as to operate a cure with the same natural tendency which now retains in Despondency.

The painful part of all mixed feeling, however elegant and interesting to the subject, debilitates the body. The heart, the stomach, the muscular system are disordered by it.

If this mixed feeling be often agreeable, it remains to be asked:—Does the tendency to it procure us a *balance* of pleasure? How often does it disturb and supplant our innocent pleasures?

Still, if it be proper, what are its due limits?

I doat on a wife, a brother, or a friend. A physician pronounces her or him tainted with Consumption, which in a course of years will prove fatal. Am I to be enervated and dispirited all this time by a tender melancholy? I am expected to suffer a certain degree of pain whenever misery is before me:—how long should this feeling in due sensibility endure? Till the object be removed from my sight? Why should the feeling subside? The exciting misery still exists; and if it

ought to give me pain when viewed, why not when recollected and thought of? Perhaps I am blind:—Am I to be told: "Now, cease to feel, the object is out of the room."

Sentiment in Thomson's Winter is legitimately derived from the doctrine of sensibility.

Bed of sickness:—Friend is distressed, while patient is comforted. But patient is vitiated by Education, or he would derive his comfort from a purer source.

Enthusiasm does not depend on a mixed feeling. Pure pleasure is sufficient.

Should surgeons be affected by sensibility at each operation? If not, then why should one as actively and more disinterestedly beneficent?

Surgeons lose sensibility.

I often imagine the same sensation, pleasure and pain. As the sting of strong wine in the mouth. If proceeding from fine port, I relish it much. Attending to it abstractedly, I find it to be what is usually called pain, burning; the same as what I should deem so if it proceeded from mezereon, euphorbia, etc. [Suggests that pleasure and pain may be best considered as two distinct senses capable of synchronous affection, like sight or touch. Intends to pursue this further. I suppose he means, not that they *are* separate senses, but that he wishes to consider them so, and investigate how to educate the one and deaden the other?]

Spent five days with Wordsworth. Remarked on the

fifth day that the time had gone like lightning Entering the garden at L. (on return), it struck me as being very long since I had entered it before, though I knew it was only five days. Might not this be owing to having never intermediately thought of this garden? Its recollection was faint and suggested remoteness of time; as a faint object does distance in sight.

Different animals, and different men, have different views of nature in proportion to the number of ideas associated. I see ten times the number of features in a landscape that a ploughman does; having ten times more ideas to associate and blend themselves with impressions. So of various animals. According as their vision is extensive or otherwise, what different pictures must they behold!

[In one place he says that he had to choose between chop and steak. He thought at first he preferred steak; but for some reason he thought it more fit to eat mutton. Gradually he trained himself, by some process of meditation, to like mutton best.]

[In another place he advises to test the validity of projects and hopes about which you may have been too sanguine by thinking them over in the morning after a night broken by indigestion. Thus suggesting a use for suffering.]

[Having been deceived, etc., by a friend, he sees her letters in a drawer.] The first impulse was to remove them that they might not meet my eye and associate pain. This is the vulgar impulse. The second, on which

I acted, was to let them lie and learn to surmount their painful tendency. The first is allowing the existence of a sore place; the second is cleaning and healing the wound.

A door creaks. Feel impatient at first. "Waiter, oil it." But no; it will be a good lesson of patience. Creaking continues. Impatience. I am reminded of the creaking heard in my passage from Cuxhaven. I say: "If it were the creaking of the sail on the mast I should not mind it." Door creaks; I do not mind it, thinking of the ship.

In dusk I see a distant white object in the field. My dog is barking out of doors; this object assumes resemblance of a dog. The dog comes into the house; the object is still in view, and a cow lows.

It now looks as like a cow as it before did like a dog. Walking towards it, I find it to be a white stone, whose impression has thus been twice modified by a concomitant idea into an appearance very different from its own. Resuming my first station in the house, I cannot now add the idea of dog or cow to this impression, which obstinately looks like a stone.

See lightning in the night. A rumbling noise follows. I have a lively idea of the Arch of the Heavens, Clouds, etc.

The noise seems loud and awful. Soon after, I discover it to arise from moving a table on castors on the floor over my head. It no longer seems loud. *i.e.* Perfected imitations, recollections of thunder no longer assist the basis-impression.

[Seeing trees raises his spirits. He believes that this arises from association, because he was happy as a child playing among trees, weaving their branches into arbours.]

[Modelled a copy of a bust without ever seeing the seam down nose and forehead. Thinks it good instance of acquired unconscious abstraction.]

[Children, when once pleased by a set of circumstances, cannot be satisfied with a portion of that set, but wish for repetition of whole, even the insignificant.]

Every object in Nature may become a source of pleasure. All striking objects, whether from singularity, beauty, or other circumstances, excite pleasure themselves, which increases every time of recurrence ; as the mind having each time fresh portions is at liberty always to fix upon a new point of view in it which gives the pleasure of novelty and augments the impression. If to this pleasure, as commonly happens, some affections having place whilst it was under observation become associated with it, the pleasure becomes very lively and even delightful. Of this nature are beautiful scenes, trees, rivulets, etc. Other objects having nothing striking and beautiful are incapable of exciting any sensible pleasure of themselves. If some affections be casually associated with them, they become afterwards pleasurable objects, but, in equal circumstances, never to the degree that the other objects do.

Affected tones and gestures are practised from habit when persons are no longer striving to attract external admiration.

Make it an invariable rule, the moment you open a book, take up a pen, begin an investigation, or lay your head on your pillow, to exclude every thought which at present occupies your mind, and give yourself wholly to the object in view. It might result from this habit, that a book, a pen, an investigation, or your pillow would afford you a secure asylum from the harassing cares and vexations of active life.

When low-spirited, avoid all anticipation and arrangement of disagreeable events. They will now affect you ten times more in the anticipation than they would in their realities if you can defer them till the tide of your spirits begins to flow again. And, I now speak it from repeated experiments, the same events which will make you miserable by anticipation for days together will hardly disturb your equanimity for a moment in better health.

For the production and support of these invaluable animal spirits, I think I may infer with certainty from a recent experience (York St., Mar. 19, 1798) that the surest recipe is to awaken the dormant soul by every possible expedient. Music, the Drama, Romance, must be liberally indulged in. *Persist* in visiting those friends which interest your feelings. Alas! where are they to be found! Don't be discouraged by your first or second failure in conversations with them. Recollect that your mind all these times has at any rate been relieved in those springs which a determinate anxiety has too long kept in perpetual action. Persevere and you will certainly find your advantage. Keep your imagination

on the most interesting objects, the beauties of Nature, Sculpture, Painting. Stir up enthusiasm, heroic energy, transport, delicious sympathy. *And above all* keep in view the great end of existence: individual happiness. Whenever you are convinced that the punctilious observances of society or any unpleasant engagement cloud your prospects and prevent the enjoyment which seems attainable without them, it is your duty to consider them as nothings in the way of your happiness. Annihilate them, or thrust them contemptuously into so remote a corner as that they shall no longer importune by their exaggerated consequence.

It follows that, considering also the casualties of Association, a man may be a great genius in some limited pursuit and a very dull fellow in everything else. Hence the folly of attributing all the known ways and eccentricities of men of genius to their genius, and inferring the presence of genius in others from their having the same ways; since these ways may have no connection with the genius part of their—*i.e.* the men of great genius above mentioned—character.

A man of genius has his mind in that state that all things strike it with a certain relation to favourite opinions. An immediate comparison or examination is made, a test applied.

Another characteristic of the mind of genius is a daring confidence in its own powers, its spurning reputed impossibilities, and delighting to combat with difficulties which intercept the way to some great object. Every subject started seems to it capable of resolution, allowing

[*i.e.* given sufficient] time and perseverance. This confidence is in fact probably derived from a long experience of successful efforts.

Characteristics of Genius.—Must often appear difficult to please; refining on every perception. They will ever be detecting faults and drawbacks where coarser beings find pure enjoyment.

The business of early life is to observe and familiarise ourselves with the great and obvious relations of things. An ordinary mind is satisfied with this elementary attainment. Genius consists chiefly in refining as much as possible on the early observations, in ascertaining scrupulously how far objects resemble and differ, which can be effected only by an unwearied search after the nicest shades of distinction.

This persevered in begets a general habit of delicate discrimination, which the moment any object is presented to it (with the rapidity of intuition) immediately analyses it into its ingredient parts, which it assorts and recompounds. A mind thus trained is no longer subject to the gross impositions of specious analogy.

It is obvious from the various pursuits to which different minds are directed by accident, education, or profession, that this discrimination will often be exercised on a limited range of objects, and consequently may exist in conjunction with a dulness of discrimination as to other classes of objects. An acute lawyer never discriminates much in objects of physical science, etc.

There is perhaps no opinion which is so generally and so obstinately opposed to the zeal of innovating moralists

as the following: "I have now been accustomed for a length of time to a certain manner of life, consisting in an agreeable variety of particular occupations and particular pleasures. I feel that my happiness is indissolubly connected with this routine of familiar comforts; each seems as dear to me as my child, and clings so close to my heart that the more I am urged to its removal, the more I feel that no successor could ever close the wound which so rude a separation must inflict." On this feeling, which from the cradle to the death-bed never once deserts us, is grounded the antipathy to those changes in our moral habits which a progressively improving intellect continually suggests. Yet, let any man of nice observation take a retrospect of his life, and he will be surprised to remark how often this constant feeling, this deep conviction, has been belied by experience; at how many successive eras it has been attached to sets of occupations and pleasures totally different from each other and from the one which now combats, if not subdues, every virtuous resolve.

The youth of real promise, accustomed to profound and extensive speculation, will possess few decisive opinions; in conversation he will be seldom heard to declaim or to affect the oracular tone—a stranger to the vulgar eagerness after triumph in argument. You may distinguish him in a crowd of disputants by a genuine and uniform air of inquiry. Whilst he is speaking, you may perceive that new ideas continually rush in upon his mind, and thus effectually preserve him from dogmatism, the result, in almost all cases, of limited views and a torpid imagination.

When his turn comes to listen, he does not put on the supercilious smile and forced indifference of a counsel at the Bar: regardless of personal victory, he disdains to preconcert a reply, and gives an undivided attention to the arguments of his opponent; and, keeping his mind in that vigilant and sensible state, ever ready to obey the slightest stimulus of association, and to dart away in any direction with inconceivable rapidity, he will often hearken to the most random and jejune observations in hopes that some spark of light may kindle his fancy and shoot a transient gleam into the obscure regions of human speculation.

In civilised society why are nine-tenths of the *fainéante* women delicate, feeble, and sickly, whilst one-tenth only of the females working in farmhouses is in that deplorable state? And why are ladies so much more so than their brothers the gentlemen?

Ladies continue long sedentary and inactive; as soon as they are no longer *girls* they resign those daily constant occupations and sports which formerly, pursued with interest, kept them in a state of motion and of pleasure which assisted all the vital functions. Now their sluggish unassisted circulation no longer keeps their extremities warm; they creep into the fire and stop all the crannies of their apartments. Closeness of air and unnatural warmth bring on languor. This practice long continued and its ill effects augmented by ennui, the languor becomes chronical, and the constitution so weakened as to be peculiarly susceptible to disorder. It is also violently affected by slight attacks; a cold and a cough, which to a farmer's girl is rather a troublesome

than a serious affection, will often confine a young lady to her room, induce severe sore throat, and not unfrequently terminate in consumption.

Quite opposite is the scene and being of a country wench. She has only had leizure intervals for sport even in her girlish years, and these decreasing gradually and being now filled up with vigorous occupation in open air or cool rooms, she retains the constitution of a girl.

For a similar reason gentlemen suffer less change than their unhappy sisters.

From the above consideration, if just, an important inference may be drawn in Education, viz.—To implant as early as possible habits of real industry and serious occupation, such as will exercise the body and can be practised in the cool, and such as from their intrinsic variety and from the agreeable nature of their products will furnish that happiness or pleasure for which alone we live.

OBJECTION I.—In opposition to this it may be urged that all animals pass their youth in frisk and gambol.

Answer.—In a state of nature, Subsistence and Defence furnish to grown animals sufficient occupation to preserve their vigour and happiness. The case of ladies and gentlemen who have everything found for them is different.

OBJECTION II.—Will a human being thus educated ever possess gaiety, mirth, frolick, etc., which are in themselves, and inspire in others, such agreeable sensations?

Answer.—No particular principle is *all* good. Those

are good which would operate a balance of good effects on their side. It would often be advantageous that a man should show off great humour, deal out, *ad lib.*, gay badinage, and sport a thousand frivolities. But in the present state of Education and Society it is perhaps impracticable to reconcile such attainments with those more solid qualities which are indispensable. Look around you, fix your eyes on our great cities and manufacturing towns, on our jails, hospitals, and on those still more revolting abodes of misery, our Bridewalls and Poor Houses. Contemplate well this scene; and then decide whether our object should be to form by education a Merry-Andrew or jack-pudding whose diverting tricks shall draw off the eyes of those classes of society to whose avarice, indifference, or supineness this misery owes its existence; or *a man* who shall hunt out and expose that misery in its gloomiest recesses and combat those fatal prejudices which have chiefly occasioned it by splitting society into subordinate classes.

Let it be observed, too, that Wit consists in searching after false but specious analogies. Now is it possible that a mind can be habitually exercised in such a pursuit without having its faculty of just reasoning impaired by it?

Besides, the champion of mankind will have a more powerful influence on others if he exhibit a sustained seriousness of character than if in the midst of his labours he occasionally assume a jocularity and frivolous liberty which so ill accord with their nature.[1] But it is absurd

[1] [*i.e.* the nature of his labours.]

to imagine that the child matured under this principle will be a stranger to the joyous elevation of laughter and frolick. Agreeable and constant occupation is the surest receipt for hilarity of temper; in the intervals of relaxation the change from labour to rest will quicken the flow of animal spirits and lead on to sportful humour.

In these careless moments the man of toil and genius endears himself to his family, and by suspending the trains of thought for awhile is enabled to resume them with recruited strength.

It is a common and rooted prejudice that we cannot change the nature of our pleasures so as to reconcile us to resign any of our present ones in exchange for new ones. And yet let any man of active mind take a retrospect of his life, and he will observe a continual succession and change of pleasures. This is a point which moralists should enforce.

Society may be divided into three classes:—Those who know nothing;—those who know more or less of what has been done by others;—and those who, besides that knowledge, are capable of adding something original to the existent stock. There is perhaps more interval between the two last than between the second and first.

If a man at thirty, taking a retrospect of his life, does not discover in the twenty first years a series of fatal blunders from one end to the other of the conduct of his education, he may set himself down for one of their most complete and unfortunate victims.

Eloquence is to disguise naked truth. Has it done more harm or good? The inventor of a child's toy goes

out of the world a greater benefactor than the most splendid judicial orator.

Public schools. Analogy between children and plants. To bring them to perfection each requires different and appropriate treatment; whereas the régime of a school is general and undistinguishing. Who would not think a gardener mad that should expose to a common treatment plants, hardy and delicate, of dry and wet, rich and poor soils, etc.

Comparing wild and domestic animals, the latter appear greatly degraded in vivacity and vigour. Yet how inferior in these qualities is a domesticated Englishman to them? More so than they to the wild.

All aim to convert their companions into objects of sensuality. I strive to throw you into a state which shall associate pleasure in me.

Ladies are educated for a month's elegant Courtship rather than for years of Mothership.

A man of genuine benevolence, when he meets with individuals who are naturally morose, will triumph in the occasion of showing his skill at exciting sympathy and good humour, instead of being repulsed. And he will never pass by latent good humour without an effort to bring it into action.

On Sports and the Rights of Brute Animals

In our conversation on the rights of brute animals and the respect due to them from Man, two questions arose—

i. Whether shooting be a justifiable amusement.

ii. How far the feelings of brute animals are entitled to our consideration.

Perhaps the most unobjectionable and comprehensive principle that can direct the volition of a Benevolent Creator, or that Man can form to himself as the rule of his conduct, is the following, viz.—the production of the greatest possible sum of animal happiness on the surface of the Globe. From this principle it may be shown that Man should multiply on the face of the Globe, to the exclusion, if it be necessary, of every other species, possessing, as he does, such superior powers of attaining happiness and of guarding it against the rude attacks of seasons, of time, and the other inevitable accidents of a system in many respects but ill calculated for the maintenance of animal enjoyment. New means of happiness are constantly adding to those already in our possession, and it is impossible to assign any limits to this progress. Perfectibility is the distinguishing attribute of Man—an attribute of which no other species seems to have the smallest share. . . . How immensely is the sphere of human knowledge extended in the last four thousand years! . . . Incontrovertibly Man knows better his real interests in Politics and Morals than at any prior period. Milton, Locke, Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Mandeville, Hume, Smith, Helvetius, Godwin cannot have written to no purpose.

Are there a dozen men in this kingdom whom their own exertions, a good education, or fortunate circumstances have raised to such a pitch of moral excellence

as to be enabled to resist the numerous temptations of wealth, power, and sensual pleasure; to subdue those harassing and useless emotions of sympathy with the irretrievably unfortunate; to extract the agreeable from every situation and pay little attention to its opposite; in cases of danger or extreme distress, instead of sinking under fear or unavailing grief, to summon the energies of his mind, preserve a tranquillity and equilibrium that shall enable him to act so as to afford the greatest possible relief; to keep their eyes invariably fixed on the great standard of human conduct, the production of happiness. This they must have attained in spite of ten thousand disadvantages, stemming the mighty torrent of custom, prejudice, and passion deeply rooted by their vicious education. And may we not hence derive a reasonable hope that at some future period *Man in general* will arrive at a state of perfection even greatly surpassing that to which those few have attained.

Appreciate the effects of an Education constantly aiming at the inculcation of the above-mentioned principles, which but few of the present race have even heard of.

That this exaltation of human nature shall sometime become general is rendered probable by a consideration of the particular qualities of mind which are necessary to its production.

Recollect the astonishing energies of mind which have been displayed, and still are to be observed, by numbers of individuals in every stage of human improvement. . . . The dervishes of the East suffer every species of injury and violence with unaltered serenity

of mind, and make a voluntary and total sacrifice of all the pleasures of human life. The Sœurs de la Charité devote their lives to the service of the sick, and in their unremitting zeal and attentions exceed even the immediate relations of the suffering patient. But it may be said that these instances of magnanimity owed their existence to a hope in futurity. This remark, however, will not apply to many other instances of heroism. . . . Is it probable the sailors in the sinking *Vengeur* were inspired with any other sentiments than of the most ardent Patriotism? Are there not in every country in the world thousands that are ready to risk their lives for the paltry and inadequate reward of maintenance and rank?

In short, there is at this moment a stock of energy, of understanding, and of philanthropy that, rightly directed, might effect the salvation of the World.

I am inclined then to think that it may be rendered probable that the enjoyment of a human being in a given time may by its superior intensity be equal to that of a thousand or of ten thousand brute animals in the same time. It will be allowed that enjoyment must be proportionate to the mental and corporeal faculties of the animal. The pleasure of a dog, for instance, is more intense than that of an oyster, a toad, or even a bird. If it were possible to estimate degrees of animal pleasure, I should expect to find that an hour of a dog's enjoyment was equal to a month of an oyster's, three weeks that of a toad, a week that of a bird, etc. Let us now endeavour to appreciate the capability of Man compared to that of a dog. While they are engaged together in the chase, Man

derives his pleasures from many sources. He is eager to grasp the object of pursuit; he rejoices in the vigour he is acquiring by the exercise; his mind is delighted and refreshed by the change of ideas; he contemplates with rapture the varied face of nature, etc. The dog enjoys but a small portion of these pleasurable emotions—an eagerness of pursuit, and the sensual pleasure of exercised muscle. If this probable difference of enjoyment be here so considerable, how much more striking does it become when the Man and the dog are retired from the chase and betake themselves to the study fireside!

Most unobjectionable principle of action, viz.—of greatest sum of happiness on the surface of the globe. From this principle it may be shown that Man should be multiplied to the total exclusion of other animals. Man's history shows him constantly increasing the means of his happiness—Arts, Manufactures, Science, etc. etc. Not so that of any other animal. Regulation of Mind in the former may ultimately bring him near to Perfection, reasoning from the existent energies now ill directed:—Will never advance the latter one step towards it. Their means are very few and limited; enjoyments and pains but small. Therefore five minutes in a Man's life may contain an intensity of enjoyment equal to that of as many months in any other animal. Consequently it appears desirable to labour for the increase and improvement of Man in the most efficient manner. It appears, too, hence to follow, that any effort ever so minutely advancing this object, though it might cost the lives and sufferings of many insects, will ultimately occasion a sum of enjoyment greatly

more than sufficient to counterbalance it. Thus, then, I justify field sports. Frequent relaxation from study and application to the grand object is required; and this should be exercise, to occupy the mind, divert the thoughts, etc. Partridges eat Ants; Snipes small insects; Hares the same in browsing. The above reasoning will afford a solution to the second query. We should not suffer the least distraction of Mind in our serious pursuits from our unavailing attempts to remedy the imperfect system of Nature, which seems to permit the greatest sufferings to take place in every department of animal life. I have insisted above on the danger of nursing with too much fondness the tender feelings of compassion and regret. Such emotions lead to absurdities and useless occupation of Mind. Mites in cheese. Open window.[1] Horse drinking muddy water full of animalculæ. Walk out on summer evening and tread on frogs and snails. Vegetables have a feeling.

Finale

Since, then, the slaughter of brute animals must attend every branch of exercise, is there anything unphilosophical in deriving amusement from it? It is not the pain of the animal you accustom yourself to delight in; it is mere annihilation. The casualty of wounding occurs also in every other exercise.

Education

Before entering on any of the principles of a regular plan of education, we should decide upon the kind of

[1] [Probably this refers to Moths, etc., flying in and getting burned.]

being we wish to produce, upon those points in respect to body, mind, and heart which we are most anxious to secure in our pupil.

1. Sound health, body robust and active.
2. Even, firm spirits.
3. Presence of Mind.
4. Fortitude.
5. Good humour, in-irritable temper.
6. A clear and constant view of his duty to himself and to his species.
7. A perfect assurance; inaccessibility to all diffidence, bashfulness, confusion.
8. Strong understanding; quickness of parts, etc.
9. Conciliating manners.
10. Correct taste in Arts, Music, etc.

The above are some of the principal qualities best calculated to make a man happy in himself, and to dispose him to be the instrument of happiness to others.

Even Spirits: Causes of the Contrary

Children are much tried when very young by daily washings and dressings, and as they supplicate for liberty and a cessation to their pain, the nurse proceeds in her office without deigning the least attention to their entreaties. What a picture of brutal insensibility to set before children who are afterwards expected to sympathise in the distresses and to attend to the complaints of all about them! Few mothers will acknowledge themselves capable of such an expression (inexorableness); they must acknowledge, however, that they sometimes strive to stop crying by loud mocking cries, to force a

reluctant child home by feigning to set out,[1] affecting at the same time the utmost indifference whether the child follow or not.

Severities

This article is in some degree anticipated by the preceding ones. A question here presents itself, however, which well merits a particular consideration, viz., whether it be right ever to employ praise or blame in the education of children. The question of moral merit must be first decided: What is generally supposed to constitute an act entitling to praise or blame? The agent must be totally free of control; he must have a power of calling up a number of ideas, of dwelling upon them and of estimating their proper value; for an idiot is not esteemed accountable; and in the case of praise he must be exposed to a temptation to act otherwise. But to be free of control he must have no passions; and to call up and compare the value of a number of ideas requires imagination and sound judgment. Freedom from passion, then, lively imagination and sound judgment are indispensable requisites for *praise*-worthy action. But it is necessary that these qualities, being the principal instruments of the virtuous act, should be derived from his single unbiassed exertions: to effect which, he must have made a wise resolution, the moment of his birth, to possess himself of these qualities in despite of the nature of the education he might receive or of his total want of it, and in spite of the circumstances of the state of society in which he was born, his rank in that society, the temptations chance may throw in his way, etc. etc.

[1] [To walk towards home.]

The absurdity of moral merit is also clearly shown by the following unobjectionable proposition. The circumstances of every action are regulated by the qualities of the agent as derived—

i. *From his particular nature*,

ii. *Or from positive education*,

iii. *From the casual education of the circumstances of his life.*

Now, it would be hard to say whether a being deserves more praise for his having been liberally endowed by nature, for his having been well educated by his parents, or for his having been placed by the hand of chance in circumstances favourable to his moral character.

To recur to the question: Whether it is right to employ praise or blame in education. (Though this article relate to severity, it is right to consider at the same time the effects of gentle conciliatory treatment, and Praise has therefore a claim to attention in this place.) It is proved that good works and praise, crime and blame, have no natural connection with, no peculiar fitness to, each other (praise and blame are used as general terms, including reward and punishment). Still, if it can be shown that they are useful, perhaps they may be so skilfully administered as to remove all our objections. Let us consider in what way they are chiefly hurtful as vulgarly [*i.e.* usually] dispensed.

Firstly, they encourage the delusion of free agency.

Secondly, Praise, by being set up as the prize and worthy object of right action, tends to supplant the only real worthy object of action, the production of the greatest sum of happiness.

Thirdly, Blame adds to the sum of pain in the world, and

Fourthly, tends to enfeeble the man by creating a set of depressive sensations which no future exertions, no series of good fortune, however uninterrupted, can afterwards extirpate.

Let *praise* be nothing more than an expression, whether by words or countenance, of the pleasure experienced from the observation of such conduct in another as most directly tends to general benefit. Unless a sustained hypocrisy be practicable and fit, such an expression, both from the recommendation of its being naturally connected with right conduct, and from its being the immediate offspring of sincerity, is incontestably proper.

Nor does it yield any encouragement to the delusion of free agency, since the same expression is bestowed upon all fortunate changes amongst brute animals and material objects, as the convalescence of a valuable horse, a shower of rain after long drought, etc.

Praise *thus cautiously administered* will, for the same reason, have less effect in weaning the mind from its sole legitimate object, general happiness.

How widely different is this philosophical praise from the common, where immoderate applause and even sensual gratifications are held forth and bestowed for the most trifling acts of obedience! What a lesson in morality to a being on whom hangs the happiness and misery of thousands! "Perform an action which duty prescribes to you, you shall not have to seek your reward in the genuine sympathy of all that know it, or in the cheering sensations of conscious rectitude. No, you shall suck barley-sugar for an hour, feast your eyes on

some gaudy toy, or receive the parental sanction to idling away half a day to no purpose." Such treatment cannot fail to vitiate the moral appetite; yet where at this moment are the parents that never have recourse to it?

It cannot be too much impressed that whenever praise is bestowed, the child should be accurately informed as to the nature and value of the action. This practice can scarcely be too soon begun.

The above reasoning equally authorises the employment of a philosophical blame, or that expression of concern which a philanthropist would testify at human action, or at any change in inanimate nature which might tend to the production of misery. But this concern should never vent itself in outrageous expressions; no violence should be done to the feelings of the child. Some pain must even thus be unavoidably given; but the ultimate benefit will greatly overbalance it.

Recapitulatory Conclusion

Instead of entering into the detail of nursery action, and attempting to determine which part deserves praise or blame, and to what extent, let every parent conceive of himself as one of the Trustees of a benevolent power that wishes the happiness of Mankind, and of his children as the instruments of its production. Viewing them as the rest of the species solely in this light, if he be deeply interested in the success of his trust, and exercise his judgment without partiality or passion, few cases can arise that require much consideration. He will seldom indeed have occasion to conduct himself

in any other manner than what the sympathies of his nature will immediately point out.

There is nothing perhaps more irritating to the temper of children than that eternal solicitation which wearies and bewilders their feeble powers of attention, till, urged beyond endurance, they are driven into tears. The moment the poor infant comes in after dinner, every individual in the room salutes him at the same time. One person presses him to come here, another there; a third pulls him to his seat at the table; a fourth stuns with a dozen foolish questions in a string, striving to confound his young intellect by some misapplied subtleties. All this while he is called upon by a hundred tongues at once to eat of all the dishes before him. Now one barks in his ear, another sprinkles water in his face. He is told by one that he is a good boy for coming to him, by another he is called a bad boy for refusing to sit on his knee; and thus for one, two, or three hours he is stunned, jostled, hurried, and confounded, till the catastrophe of his bursting into tears rids him for awhile of their intolerable importunities.

Presence of Mind

The term implies a mind ever present to its object, ever ready, on urgent occasions, to give a prompt and clear decision as to conduct. It is certainly one of the most valuable qualities belonging to Man, consisting in a rare and fortunate union of quick parts, with a mind not to be discomposed, and nerves not to be shaken, by the most trying situations. Menaced on all sides with pressing danger, the man of presence of mind neither

sinks into a stupor of fear, nor yields to a headlong rashness; but, eyeing the danger with intrepid tranquillity, his understanding is allowed to operate with its usual accuracy, and more than usual promptitude.

Fear, or the Apprehension of suffering, is a feeling that varies in intensity and kind according to the circumstances which excite it. Sudden apprehension of pain, if very violent, may be called a strong fear or fright, as in the case of a child that had been scalded by overturning a particular tea-cup of hot water; if it were to overturn the same a future time, the prior feeling would be associated so strongly as to create a real fright, though cold water were in the cup at the time and no pain were actually felt. There are persons now at Lisbon who, from having experienced the dreadful earthquake of '52, have so strong a sensation of dread associated with a shaking of the house, that if a person were suddenly to spring on the floor so as to give it a little movement, they would nearly faint.

Other common sensations of dread are: the alarms at the sight of snakes; the antipathies to toads, rats, etc.; the dread of dogs or other animals; for which unpleasant sensations children are generally under equal obligations to their nurses and to their mothers. It is needless to enumerate all the different varieties of this feeling, furnished in such abundance to unfortunate children by the frailties, the mismanagement and neglect of their superintendents—a feeling as fatal to the repose of their future lives as it is to that energy of character upon which their real value depends.

It would be right, too, to accustom children to everything which, when it happens to themselves or under circumstances that require their immediate assistance, might disconcert from its novelty and alarming appearance. Hospitals, prisons, madhouses should be visited, but in so cautious a manner that the mind might experience no shock, but be gradually familiarised to their horrors. Might it not be useful to witness and to be informed how men elude danger and inconvenience by address? The parent might invite an attack of a fierce bull, stand with perfect composure till the animal be within two or three paces of him, then suddenly expand an umbrella, hold his hat before his face, or somehow contrive to amuse or terrify the foe; whilst his child, on the other side of the stile, shall witness his intrepidity and address, and, by degrees, practise the same feat himself in company with his parent. Or the child might begin his triumph with a raging turkey-cock. In the former case he should be instructed how the trifling weapons, an umbrella and a hat, come to have such powerful operations; it should be explained to him that it is the nature of surprise to arrest the ideas and motions of animals, to cause dread and absolute terror. Thus the bull has a general idea of man with a hat above and a face under it: an innoxious animal whom he may trample on without risk to himself. But, in advancing, he perceives that man assume an unknown figure, become a new animal of whose nature he is entirely ignorant, and who may be capable of retorting the blow he is aiming. He will instantly stop to reconnoitre, and even if dread or absolute terror do not then succeed, he will generally at least employ so much time

to gratify curiosity as to allow his victim to escape. "Thus: Suppose you were attacking the turkey-cock with all that confidence which daily observation of his contemptible size and prowess has inspired, as you are aiming the blow that is to level it to the ground, the turkey's head and neck are instantly metamorphosed into something quite strange to your eyes. Should not you start back with wonder?"

For exerting presence of mind it will often be necessary to bear sudden pains without shrinking, or to possess fortitude or the power of supporting pain without lamentation or diminution of mental energy.

In what does this power consist? In that of being able to force the attention from the pain to any object which occurs for thought or action. Doubtless this power, though not wholly attainable, may be to a degree proportionate to the exercise of it, and hence the necessity of inducing children to action, bodily and mental, under all suffering.

Children should never be condoled with when hurt; they should be encouraged to resist the dejection and weeping; the futility of all repining should be invariably urged. If tears will sometimes force their way and some expressions of self-lamentation should escape them, no blame is to be made use of. Without softening the usual tone of voice the parent may say—"Come here, let me see if I can do anything to ease the pain. I wish I may be able. All pain is disagreeable; but don't cry if you can help it, as that only makes it worse. I see it has been a hard blow; and if you bear it like

a man I shall be proud of owning you for my child." At the same time the feeling of pain should on every account be mitigated as much as possible; and this will generally be best effected by diverting their minds.

Nurses should be provided with a variety of striking playthings, which should be brought out on these occasions and be varied as soon as they no longer interest.

In slight hurts children should be left entirely to themselves, and they will thence acquire an invaluable habit of independent exertion in times of suffering. How preferable is such treatment to that which is usually employed! On the slightest hurt the child is lifted into the mother's arms; the more he cries and roars the more profusely she lavishes expressions of the tenderest fondness and pity in the most lamentable tone, as long as the pain is at all sensible, thus injuriously directing his attention to it, and, by disabling him from all resistance at the time, and even inviting him to feign a continuance of pain after its cessation, destroying for ever the germ of manly fortitude.[1]

In long sickness, where their own efforts would be unavailing, the same treatment should be invariably adhered to. It will perhaps be remarked that the sick require commiseration and even a soothing tone of voice. But the remark applies only to those who have been

[1] [The above advice affords an interesting indication as to the trend of Wedgwood's mind, and a valuable suggestion of what to *avoid* when children are ill or in pain. Urging children to any form of mental or bodily activity may not be the best way of carrying out his main purpose.]

accustomed to such treatment when in suffering. Still, with these precautions, everything rude and abrupt may be sedulously avoided and assiduities be multiplied according to the feeling of the parent, without danger to the moral qualities of the sufferer.

It might be possible to inspire an Indian enthusiasm which should brave with scorn the most violent attacks of pain. How to effect this without using some incentive inadmissible in an education conducted on pure principles of morals? How to persuade an infant being, that yields to the lightest impulses, manfully to resist the overpowering sensation of pain?

On every occasion of suffering, bodily or mental activity to be immediately excited by every possible expedient, that this activity may be inseparably associated with suffering.

If you wish ultimately to impress your children with the purest motives of action, it is surely of importance to pay a scrupulous attention to the purity of those you employ in their infancy.

It is necessary to prevent by every possible means the recurrence of occasions that might engender violence and ill-will amongst children; and when the occasion is unavoidable the greatest pains should be taken to reconcile the parties. Thus if two children want a doll at the same moment, without knowing which first took it up, you see it in the hands of the stronger, whilst the other is almost in tears from disappointment. Invariably to allow to the strong all the natural advantages would

make them tyrants, and depress the weak by a constant exhibition of successful injustice.

In the present instance it would perhaps be wise to allow the stronger to retain possession for a while, intimating that he must keep it only for a certain time. Now, How to induce the stronger to resign the doll after the enjoyment of it for a proper time? It would be wrong to propose any reward to the condition of his surrendering the doll, as, afterwards, you mean to inculcate the most disinterested principles. It would be wrong on the same score to advise to the surrender on the interested condition of a return of his compliance on future occasions; not less dangerous to invite to it by holding out conditional terms of applause, as, besides its tending to strengthen the illusion of Liberty, it presents an impure motive of action, a mere personal gratification.

It is not meant, however, to offer an adequate inducement to infants drawn from so remote and abstract a consideration as the happiness of the species: it is only insisted that, during the years of imbecility, whilst the mind were bringing forward in every possible way, no principles of positive badness should be implanted, as it will furnish a double toil afterwards to supplant them with good ones.

As in regard to Property, it would be advisable that children should have everything perfectly in common till they are able to comprehend the only conscientious tenure, so in the case before us. It is perhaps sufficient that the above caution has been given. Some plan will be easily concerted by the ingenuity of the parent to draw off the attention of the child to another object.

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